

TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KY., TUESDAY NOVEMBER 24, 1914

No. 94

GOOD CAUSE FOR OPTIMISM

Union National Bank of Louisville Sends Out Optimistic Letter.

PLENTY TO BE THANKFUL FOR

The Union National Bank, of Louisville, in its regular monthly trade letter, which is devoid of political coloring, shows good cause for considerable optimism, relative to business outlook for the near future. We quote in part:

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and to offset in a degree our inability to send our big mule crop to the Cotton States, there develops a demand for a class of horses which heretofore have had a slow market, particularly at the beginning of winter. Purchasing agents of the Allies are in Kentucky and are buying any sort of a horse with two good eyes, not a gray, for from \$125 to \$150, and it is reported that twenty-two carloads left Lexington this week for Canada for reshipment to France. A telegram from New Orleans states that 800 horses and mules were shipped from there this week for Bordeaux.

Local harness and saddlery manufacturers have received some sub-let contracts and are expecting a direct participation in larger orders now about ready for distribution.

A New York paper states that there are now more than 100 active purchasing agents in New York City, representing practically all the belligerent nations, buying our products and investigating manufacturing sources where rush orders may be filled. Many cities report enough business from this source to run several months, and we are, of course, more interested in selling our miscellaneous factory output than in shipping raw food stuffs.

We shipped abroad in September breadstuffs amounting to \$45,000,000 as against \$17,000,000 in September, 1913; fresh meat, 7,000,000 pounds as against 600,000 a year ago; 26,000,000 bushels of wheat compared with 12,000,000 a year ago.

Greece is reported to have placed an order with us for 800,000 guns. Knowing the size of her standing army, we assume that these are for distribution

and not for home consumption.

From Boston comes the news that the heavy rains in France, Belgium, Russia and Austria have caused large shipments of rubber boots to be made from New England. Extensive orders have been placed there for blankets, hosiery, underwear, shirts, harness and saddles.

Big shoe manufacturers in and around Boston have been receiving enormous orders. It is noteworthy that some of the largest orders are from countries not now engaged in actual combat, and it is assumed that they will be reshipped into belligerent countries.

Ammunition factories in Connecticut are working day and night turning out revolvers, machine guns and other implements of war. One factory in Hartford has such a contract from China amounting to \$2,000,000, and a cartridge factory in Alton, Ill., is reported to have an order sufficient to run day and night for six months.

A report from Chicago states that there have been placed there since war was declared, supply and food orders amounting to \$150,000,000. Kansas City and other western packing centers report large orders. A wholesale house in the Middle-west received an order for \$1,250,000 worth of blankets and other woolen supplies; another company, for 60,000 pairs of woolen socks as a sample order. Buyers in the Middle-west have picked up at least 100,000 horses, which means ready money and a saving of winter feed bills.

In Philadelphia, textile mills which had been running half-time before the European conflict began, are now running nearly full time and are employing 75,000 men, women and boys. 200,000 blue blankets are being made for the French Government by a concern there. A knitting factory in Philadelphia has a rush order for 100,000 cotton garments for the hospital corps. Another concern reports an order for nearly 600,000 pounds of absorbent cotton. A shipment of 23,000 tons of barbed wire has already been made to European ports, to be used in fortifications.

The Crucible Steel Co. has a contract for 5,000 tons of steel for bayonets and sabres. The Bethlehem Steel Co. appears to enjoy the confidence of the Allies and is receiving large orders for artillery equipment.

The British Government has ordered 6,000 packages of lock-jaw antitoxin for their troops, which will take from six to eight months to manufacture.

A concern in Reading, Pa., has an order, to be filled at the rate of 1,000 a week, for 50,000 stretchers for carrying wounded from the field.

From Cleveland comes a report of large orders for barbed wire, clothing and automobile trucks.

A stove factory in Cincinnati is busy making camp stoves for the Canadian forces, and a uniform factory there is at work on a large order from England.

Dallas, Tex., has received orders for 1,000 sets of artillery harness and an equal number of saddles, the entire order calling for 30,000 sets of harness and the same number of saddles.

A million dozen towels have been bought from Carolina cotton mills by the British Government.

These are but starters and indicate the enormous consumption of the armies now at war, and point to the very apparent fact that the United States must

Other Nations May Go to War, but America Goes to Church!

WHILE the nations of Europe, Asia and Africa face one another with hatred in their hearts and deadly weapons in their hands, AMERICA GOES PRAYERFULLY, REVERENTLY, TO CHURCH, to pray God to restore the blessing of peace to the earth.

For the soreth of the shrapnel we substitute the voice of the preacher, beseeching Almighty God to bring peace to the world; for the boom of the cannon we sound the reverberant organ pipe of solemn prayer.

Ours is the better way.

BUT WE CANNOT WORD PROPERLY OUR PRAISES TO THE MOST HIGH FOR HIS BLESSINGS AND WE CANNOT BESEECH HIM TO CONTINUE HIS MERCIES TO US UNLESS MORE MEN AND WOMEN JOIN IN THE GO TO CHURCH MOVEMENT WHICH IS PERVADEING THE LAND. THE LINE IS ALREADY LONG, BUT THERE IS ROOM FOR MORE CHURCHGOERS. THEREFORE—

GO TO CHURCH!

Never before in the history of this favored nation of ours has there been so much occasion for Americans to express their obligations to the power which rules the universe. He has brought us safely thus far on the blessed path of peace, and if our feet continue to be set in that path IT WILL BE BECAUSE HE WILL KEEP THEM THERE. True lovers of America, who believe that we have a mission to keep the torch of civilization and holiness and brotherly conduct alight while so many other peoples are trying to extinguish it, will express their gratitude to Divine Providence by

Going to church!

IT IS THE PROPER PLACE, THE DIVINELY ORDAINED PLACE, WHEREIN TO ASSEMBLE FOR THE INVOCATION OF GOD TO KEEP HIS PROTECTING HAND EXTENDED OVER US INDIVIDUALLY AND AS A NATION.

How Do You Stand It?

HOW can you go on without saving? Don't you realize that the time is coming when you'll have to pause, or stop?

A saving account never does either; it never quits; it grows always—day in and day out.

It is the only thing that grows—constantly

Two Dollars a week in the (Peoples Bank) savings account will grow in ten years to \$1210.00. \$2 isn't much, but \$1210.00 IS. You may need it more than the \$2, too.

PEOPLES BANK OF EARLINGTON

J. T. Alexander, Pres.

F. B. Arnold, Cashier

supply them.

THANKSGIVING 1914 finds us at peace with the world; the Mexican situation on our borders is clearing, and the man is indeed little of soul who cannot approach the coming Day with a proper spirit.

Mr. Moneybags, as you sit down to your Thanksgiving feast and stimulate your jaded appetite with the sparkling spirit of the vine-clad hills of France, be thankful that the hoofprints of cavalry have not, as there, despoiled the smooth sward of bluegrass that you look out over so fondly, and rejoice that the little stream that laughs through your peaceful acres is not red with men's blood.

Mr. Middleman, if your salary has been cut a little; if you find it necessary to tighten up on the outgo so that the "tongue may meet the buckle;" if you are apprehensive that you may have to put that Ford in cold storage, still be thankful that you are not lying in the trenches, with the flash of flame in your eyes by day and the thud of grave sod in your ears by night.

Mr. Wage Earner, be thankful

that the dinnerpail has thus far been kept well filled, even with four days a week. The good wife and the little ones, with you there to encourage them, can somehow manage with a somewhat lighter pay envelope far better than on the miserable pension that a soldier's widow receives.

"Some has meat and canna eat, And some would eat that want it; But we has meat, and we can eat, Sae let the Lord be thankit."

STANDING OF CANDIDATES

in the Lockyear's Business College (Incorporated) Scholarship Contest will be published next week. Everyone can be a candidate. All candidates will receive a FREE SCHOLARSHIP. Place your name in the Ballot Box at the Grand Leader or R. E. Moore's Hardware store, Madisonville, Ky. Do it now, between 10 a. m. and 5 p. m., Saturday, Nov. 28. Presents will be given away at the R. E. Moore Hardware Store. Come get your present. You don't have to buy anything. Ask for votes.

LEE GIBSON PROPOSES TO SUBMIT CANDIDACY TO HOPKINS COUNTY DEMOCRATS

The following proposition made by Hon. Lee Gibson to Hon. W. J. Cox is self-explanatory:

Mr. W. J. Cox, Madisonville, Ky.,—Dear Sir: I find from talking to the voters of Hopkins county about the selection of a Democratic candidate for circuit judge that a great many of our friends regret that we have two candidates from this county, and they say both of us should not run. I am of the opinion that each of our chances for winning the nomination would be better if we had only one candidate from this county. I request, in the interest of harmony and the good of our party, that we let the democratic voters of this county, possessing the qualifications of legal voters in a democratic primary, decide which of us shall be Hopkins county's candidate for Circuit Judge.

I suggest that a ballot such as used in the legal democratic primaries, be printed and that each of us select two men in each of the voting precincts of Hopkins county, and that they hold an election from 6 a. m. to 4 p. m. at the various voting places in this county, and make duplicate certificates of the voters, returning same either to the County Election Commissioners, or to two gentlemen, one chosen by you and the other by me, who shall canvass the vote. As both of us are known to practically all the voters of Hopkins county, I suggest that said election be held any day before December 19th, 1914, preferably on some Saturday, and the one of us receiving the smaller number of votes at said election withdraw from the race as a candidate for Circuit Judge at the next August primary. The expense of this election to be borne equally by us. Should you receive a greater number of votes in this primary than I, I will give you my support at the next August primary. Please answer in time for your reply to be put in next Tuesday's issue of the Hustler so the Democratic voters of Hopkins county may know what is going to be done in regard to this matter.

Very truly yours,
LEE GIBSON.

A Texas Wonder

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of bladder troubles, removing gravel, the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggists will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for testimonials from Kentucky and other States. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2228 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. Sold by Druggists.

Clark-Trover

Miss Ethel Trover, of the Southern country and Mr. Sam M. Clark, of Crabtree, were married while setting in a buggy by Rev. Walter Martin, in front of his residence Sunday morning. The happy couple will make their home in Crabtree.

Yates-Wilson

Mr. Turner Yates and Mrs. Belle Wilson, were married Saturday night at the briars residence by esquire Jas. Priest. Mr. Yates is a prosperous farmer of near this place and Mrs. Wilson is a well known and industrious lady. The many friends of the happy couple wish them peace and prosperity on the remainder of their journey through life.

Best Cough Remedy for Children

"Three years ago when I was living in Pittsburgh one of my children had a hard cold and coughed dreadfully. Upon the advice of a druggist I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it benefited him at once. I find it the best cough medicine for children because it is pleasant to take. They do not object to taking it," writes Mrs. Lafayette Fack, Homer City, Pa. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic, and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult. Sold by All Dealers.

ARKANSAS COAL TROUBLE BRINGS 26 INDICTMENTS

FORMER OFFICIALS OF MINE WORKERS' UNION AMONG THE NUMBER

Fort Smith, Ark.—Twenty-six persons, including former officials of the United Mine Workers of America, were indicted by the special United States grand jury investigating the troubles in the Hartford Valley mining district. Among those indicted are:

Peter R. Stewart, former president of the mine workers for District No. 21, comprising Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas; Fred W. Holt, former secretary; Jas. Slankard, Constable at Hartford, and Jas. McNamara, former member of the city Council at Hartford. They are charged with conspiring against the Government to impede justice in connection with the troubles at the Prairie Creek mines of the Bache-Denman Coal Co.

The men are accused of sending threatening letters to Judge Frank A. Youmans, who enjoined the union miners, taking away prisoners from Deputy United States Marshals and participating in the riots of July.

Jungle Monkey Girl

An amazing discovery, which recalls the story of Mowgli in Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book," has been made in India. In the jungle near Naina Tal, a wild-looking creature, apparently a human female child, has been found.

That she is human is proved by the fact that there are vaccination marks on both arms, but exposure to the elements has caused a thick growth of hair down on each side of the face and spine, which makes her appearance more like that of a monkey than manna being.

There is evidence to show that she has always walked upright, but her sitting posture is that of a monkey, as are all her actions. She was very frightened when first caught, and cried and whimpered. She would eat only grass and raw potatoes, but later was induced to take bread and milk. She is, of course, unable to talk, but there is no doubt that she can hear.

Everything points to the conclusion that she was abandoned in infancy and monkeys were her foster-parents. Natives in the bazaar, however, declare that the child was reared by bears.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Champion Father

Tulsa county lays claim to the champion father of the United States in Charles Roberts, a Greek negro, who is the parent of forty-two children—thirty-one sons and eleven daughters, according to the Garvin (Texas) Graphic. Thirty-three are alive and five on allotments in the vicinity of their father's holdings, a short distance from Broken Arrow. The family owns almost an entire Township, all of which came to them as a freedman's right. Roberts is 70 years of age, and has been married three times. He has a son named for every President of the United States.

Important

Bear in mind that Chamberlain's Tablets not only move the bowels but improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by All Dealers.



Make it a KODAK CHRISTMAS

The outdoor jollity, all the good things that weigh down the Christmas tables, the jovial faces, the surprise of the youngsters—may be enjoyed over and over again—if there is a Kodak in the family on Christmas Day.

Kodaks, \$6.00 to \$74.00
Brownies, \$1.00 to \$12.00

Watch our Windows for Kodak Christmas Suggestions

L. C. WILEY

Jeweler

Earlington, - Kentucky

The Bee

PAUL M. MOORE,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
J. E. FAWCETT
ASSOCIATE EDITOR AND BUSINESS MANAGER

Member of
Kentucky Press Association
and
Second District Publishers League

Branch Office in Madisonville, Kentucky, Miss Lucy Fawcett, Manager,
Phone No. 71-2 Ring

Telephone 47

Advertising Rates

Display Advertisements,
single issue 15c per inch
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Resolutions and Cards of
Thanks 5c per line
Obituary Poetry 5c per line
Slight reductions on time
contract display advertise-
ments. Also locals that run
several months without change

Entered at the Earlington
Post Office as Second Class
Matter.

Tuesday, November 24, 1914

A Prophecy

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Margaret and I met in Florence. We were both of an artistic makeup, and there is nothing more pleasing than the companionship of one with congenial tastes. We sauntered through the galleries of that artistic city and admired the works of art together.

Then, too, there is something uniting to kindred spirits in being thrown together in a foreign country. America to Americans on the other side of the Atlantic ocean seems so far. The customs of those countries are so different from ours. They seem so old; we so new. It is this that draws Americans abroad together who would live for years next door to each other and never form an acquaintance.

These meetings between fellow countrymen of opposite sex frequently end in love affairs, and such was the case with Margaret and me. But my suit was not successful. Whether this was due to Margaret or the influences brought to bear upon her I did not know. At any rate, I returned to my home, leaving my heart in Florence, and I realized that I would never get it back again.

On my voyage home the stateroom opposite me was occupied by a young man who had gone abroad for his health and, having failed in his quest, was coming back to die. There was no one on board whose business it was to minister to him, and the duty fell to me. I became very much attached to him, and he seemed grateful for my attentions. More than that, he seemed to love me as a brother.

I told him of my disappointment, and he seemed to be regretful for me. He tried to comfort me by telling me that he had a feeling deep down in his heart that Margaret and I would meet again and that all would be changed. "She loves you," he said. "I know it. When she refused you it was contrary to her inclinations. She will return to America much changed. Her circumstances will be different. Instead of refusing to listen to your suit she will be glad to lean upon you, happy and relieved to be loved by you."

He seemed so earnest, so sure, in what he said that I was greatly surprised. Could it be that to one so near death had been imparted something of that knowledge of future events we are prone to attribute to those who have passed the portal of eternity? The thought occurred, but I did not really believe it.

My friend lingered till we reached the coast. Then he said that if he could be spared through the brief journey that remained to him to his home, he would be content to die. I accompanied him and spent with him the few days he lived after being again under his own roof-tree. The day he died he was, or seemed to me to be, delirious.

"I see men marching," he said, "hundreds, thousands, millions. They are like fields of wheat. A mowing machine is passing through them, and they are falling just as I have seen the grain fall in the fields of a summer day. People are fleeing before them. Some are peasants; some are gentle-folks; some are without a roof to cover them; some are starving; some are strangers in that land and, being cut off from home and friends, have no one to care for them."

At this point his voice sank to murmurs, and I understood no more. I had left Italy early in the spring, and when my friend died the leaves had not yet put forth their buds. I was busily engaged, but not so much so as to recover from my disappointment. My mind during the day constantly reverted to the man who I felt was my natural mate, and the nights were dreary without her.

Late in July there came like thunder-claps out of a clear sky declarations of war all over Europe. Hundreds of thousands of Americans were stranded there. All, or nearly all, were cut off not only from their homes, but from the wherewithal to meet their necessities. Naturally I thought of Margaret for I had seen no announcement of her return. I would have filled my pockets with gold and gone to seek her that I might supply her necessities, but I realized that I would be unable to find her and would not likely be able to reach her if I knew where she was. All I knew of her whereabouts was that she had left Italy, for it was not intended when I parted with her to remain there after the spring opened.

Since I could not go to her I waited for her to come to me. Something told me that my lost friend's words would come true. When a steamer bringing Americans from Europe came in I was on the dock and watched eagerly those who came down the gangplank. One day I was at my post as a steamer looked, and as she swung around to back into the pier I caught sight of a pale, haggard girl standing on the deck.

I rushed to the gangplank, but was ordered away. I waited while the throng of sufferers left the ship. My eye was on Margaret, but she did not see me in the crowd on the dock. As she stepped off the gangplank I caught her in my arms. Looking up, she recognized me and broke into tears of joy.

Hers was one of the bitterest of those many bitter tales. Her father had died before the outbreak of the war, and she and her mother had been turned out in the cold with not a hundred francs on which to subsist and return home.

USE YOUR EYES

ON THIS AD

If you want to get through the winter economically and yet enjoy the best of the necessities of life...if you want to be just a little better off than you were before, WITHOUT PAYING MORE...then use your eyes on this ad. You can do it.

EVERY WOMAN

is especially interested just now in knowing what to wear this Winter. You can solve the perplexing problem by stepping into our Store. Our line of Winter Goods for Women and Children was never better or more complete, and the values we are offering are especially enticing.

CUT DOWN YOUR SHOE EXPENSE

Ask to see those new Shoes we have that our proving such popular sellers. They are popular because they wear so long you almost get tired of looking at them, and yet they are exceptionally comfortable and are very genteel in appearance, and moderate in price.

YOU CAN'T BEAT US

on quality or price, no matter where you go. We are determined to KEEP AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITORS, and we are doing it. It is value giving that makes this possible for us.

CANSLER & BROWN BROS.

Files Cured in 6 to 14 Days
Your druggist will refund money if FAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Files in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 50c.

Rate Provided for State Mining Convention

Louisville, Ky.,—Special round trip rates from all points in Kentucky has been made for the Kentucky Mining Institute Convention to be held at the Seelbach December 4-5.

Numerous entertainments are being planned, in addition to which the business programme will be one of the most important in the organization's history. About 500 mine owners, superintendents and engineers are expected to attend the convention.

WHEN THE TIRED MOTHER GIVES OUT

What Then?—The Family Sufferers, the Poor Mothers Suffer—Mrs. Becker Meets This Distressing Situation.

Collinsville, Ill.,—"I suffered from a nervous break-down and terrible headaches, and was tired all over, totally worn out and too discouraged to enjoy life, but as I had four in family and sometimes eight or nine boarders, I kept on working despite my suffering."

"I saw Vinol advertised and decided to try it, and within two weeks I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and now I am a well woman."

—Mrs. ANA BECKER, Collinsville, Ill.

There are hundreds of nervous, run-down, overworked women in this vicinity who are hardly able to drag around and who we are sure would be wonderfully benefited by Vinol as Mrs. Becker was.

The reason Vinol is so successful in building up health and strength in such cases is because it combines the medicinal tissue building and curative elements of cod's livers together with the blood making, strengthening properties of tonic iron. We ask every weak, nervous, run-down man or woman in this vicinity to try a bottle of Vinol on our guarantee to return their money if it fails to benefit.

St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated Drug Department.

A BAD COLD

Aggravated by neglect has caused the death of more than one person who was wise in many things, but not in that.

This Is Cold Weather For Colds

Use our wisdom in this and you will live longer. We sell Cold and Cough remedies for a few cents. They get results quickly.

It's better to be a wise one that a dead one.

St. Bernard Mining Co.
INCORPORATED
DRUG DEPARTMENT
The *Renall* Store

The Taft of Today.

The attempt to extract an interview from Professor Taft in the Mexican situation, the European war and other public questions of the hour failed, and rightfully so.

Mr. Taft is not only an ex-President; he is a gentleman and a scholar, with the restraints of conduct that belong to each. He knows that it would be most unethical for him to criticize the foreign policy of the present administration when matters in Mexico and Europe are in such a serious condition.

Mr. Taft is out of politics. He is a teacher, and such as his words will ever receive respectful attention.

Ex President Taft says that he is simply a calm spectator of affairs. Nor need he worry about the verdict which history will pass upon him. His work as "pro consul" in the Philippines, Cuba, and Panama will ever stand out in bold relief as a practical tribute to his ability and wisdom in bringing harmony and peace out of chaos.—Chicago Evening Post.

Remarkable Cure for Croup

"Last winter when my little boy had croup I got him a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I honestly believe it saved his life," writes Mrs. J. B. Cook, Indiana, Pa. "It cut the phlegm and relieved his coughing spells. I am most grateful for what this remedy has done for him." For sale by All Dealers.

Kentucky Liquor Dealers

Elated Over Decision

Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 19.—Hoping that the act passed by the legislature of 1908 and 1914, regulating the shipments of liquor in Kentucky to be inconsistent, the Court of Appeals rendered a decision yesterday placing the Kentucky liquor dealers on exactly the same footing as the foreign shippers with reference to the sale of whisky for private use and which is sent into dry territory. The opinion was delivered when the court sustained a decision of the Kentucky circuit court in the case of the Adams Express Company vs. the Crigler company, Kentucky liquor dealers are elated over the ruling.

NEUTRALITY

If a fellow steals your purse,
Be neutral.
Knocks you down or something worse,
Be neutral.

Should a burglar impolite
Empty out your house at night,
Do not bear him any spite—
Be neutral.

Should a bully roam the land,
Be neutral.
Be quite sure you understand,
Be neutral.

Should he strike you with an axe
Judge not harshly such attacks.
Wait until you get the facts—
Be neutral.

Never stoop to taking sides,
Be neutral.
Good 'neath evil often hides,
Be neutral.

If a person, seeming rude,
Mixes poison with your food,
He may do it for your good,
Be neutral.

When you're looking at a fight,
Be neutral.
Do not choose the wrong or right,
Be neutral.

View it with a vacant stare,
Let your mind be blank and bare;
Thus you will be strictly fair—
Be neutral.

—Ellis O. Jones, in Life.

Despondency Due to Indigestion

It is not at all surprising that persons who have indigestion become discouraged and despondent. Here are a few words of hope and cheer for them by Mrs. Blanche Bowers, Indiana, Pa. "For years my digestion was so poor that I could only eat the lightest foods. I tried everything that I heard of to get relief, but not until about a month ago when I saw Chamberlain's Tablets advertised and got a bottle of them, did I find the right treatment. I soon began to improve, and since taking a few bottles of them my digestion is fine." For sale by All Dealers.

Death Calls Marie Kinston

Marie Kinston ten years of age the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Kinston, died at her home in Martins Gap, Saturday after a lingering illness. The interment took place at Old Salem Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives. The entire community extended sincere sympathy to the bereaved parents and family.

Rheumatism Sprains Lumbago Sciatica

Why grin and bear all these ills when Sloan's Liniment kills pain?



"I have used your Liniment and can say it is fine. I have used it for sore throat, strained shoulder, and it acted like a charm."—Allen Dunn, Route 1, Box 88, Pine Valley, Miss.

"I am a painter and paperhanger by trade, consequently up and down ladders. About two years ago my left knee became lame and sore. It pained me at nights at times till I could not rest, and I was contemplating giving up my trade on account of it when I changed to think of Sloan's Liniment. I had never tried it before, and I am glad to state that less than one 25c. bottle fixed me up apparently as good as ever."—Charles C. Campbell, Florence, Texas.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

All Dealers 25c.

Send four cents in stamps for a free TRIAL BOTTLE.

DR. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. B

Nervous
Emotional
Dizzy
Depressed

WOMEN who are restless, with constant change of position, "fidgetiness," who are abnormally excitable or who experience fainting or dizzy spells, or nervous headache and wakefulness are usually sufferers from the weaknesses of their sex.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

is the soothing, cordial and womanly tonic that brings about an invigorating calm to the nervous system. Overcomes the weakness and the dragging pains which resemble the pains of rheumatism. Thousands of women in the past forty years can bear witness to its benefits.

Your dealer in medicine sells it in liquid or sugar-coated tablet form, or you can send 50-cent stamps for a trial box of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription tablets. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets Regulate and Invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Sugar-Coated Tiny Granules.

The man who whispers down a well
About the things he has to sell
Will never reap a crop of dollars
Like he who climbs a tree and
"hollers."

News of the Town

Good morning! Have you seen The Courier?
Evansville's best paper.

Hammond Loving of Madisonville, was in town Tuesday on business.

Miss Ronnie Hanna, is visiting friends in Nashville, for a few days this week.

Miss Nell Skinner of Morganfield, will spend Thanksgiving in the city with Miss Mabel Browning.

Miss Leona Huffaker, of Lawrenceburg, Ky., will spend Thanksgiving in the city with her sister Miss Geneva Huffaker.

A nice new Piano for sale Cheap. See Ed Ray, Earlington, Ky.

Dr. and Mrs. A. O. Sisk and Ed Phillips and Miss Annie Ashby, motored to Hopkinsville Sunday.

Miss Catherine Howard, will spend Thanksgiving in Hopkinsville with friends.

John Cansler, was in Madisonville Monday night.

Miss Lelia Wilson, spent Sunday in Madisonville with relatives.

Miss Dollie Banks, returned Sunday afternoon from a several days visit in Owensboro.

H. H. Holman, of Madisonville, was in the city Monday on business.

Frank Brown of Madisonville, was in town on business Monday.

William Thompson, of Madisonville, was in the city on business Monday.

W. J. Con, of Madisonville, was in town Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Sam Bernard and daughter Robbie, spent Sunday in Madisonville with friends.

Mr. Offutt spent Monday night in Madisonville.

Miss Bable Browning, was on the sick list a couple of days this week.

H. J. Braselton, spent the week end in Hopkinsville with friends.

FOR SALE—4 room house on Catholic hill for \$500 cash, cost \$1,000.

E. A. COENEN,
718 E. Hull St. Montgomery, Ala.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Majors, have returned to their home in Birmingham, after spending several days in the city with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Coyle.

Wallace Umphrey, of Madisonville, was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Edna Earl Stone and Barnett and Miss Vida Barnett, spent Monday afternoon in the city.

Perk Adams, was in Madisonville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Selmon, of Hiseley, were in the city Monday.

Mike Hannas was in Madisonville last night at the Elks banquet.

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good. I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without stopping, and am doing my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 30 years of wonderful success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to Chattanooga Medicine Co., Lamp-Advert Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. 25c.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Evans and Misses Fr. Ida Heller, Geneva, Huffaker and Emma Bedford, motored to Hopkinsville Sunday.

Hal Thompson, was in Evansville Monday on business.

Bud Kell, of Madisonville, was in town on business Monday.

Mr. Ben Myers, of Madisonville, was in the city Monday on business.

Mrs. Gilbert King, was in Madisonville Monday afternoon.

Ben Robinson, of Mortons Gap, was in town Monday on business.

Hank Shaver, is working at Kings Drug Store this week.

Paul Livingston and George Clements, of Madisonville, were in the city Monday.

Ned Barnes was in Madisonville Monday night.

Jewell Webb, was in Madisonville Monday night, at the Elks banquet.

Clarence Maloney, was in Madisonville Monday night.

Mrs. F. N. Fugate, of Madisonville, visited friends in the city Monday afternoon.

Mrs. B. E. Nixon spent Tuesday in the country with her mother.

Miss Dorothy Bramwell, was in Madisonville Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. N. I. Toombs, of Madisonville, spent Saturday in the city with her mother.

Bargains in UNDERWEAR, Wednesday 25.

H. D. COWARD.
Miss Rose Fox was in Madisonville Saturday.

Mrs. Dick Meacham was in Madisonville Saturday.

Pat Mitchell of Madisonville was in town Saturday.

Many Bargains in SUITS and COATS, Wednesday 25.

H. D. COWARD.
Will Robinson, of Madisonville, was in the city on business Monday.

Carl Wies, is spending a few days at his home in Carmel, Ill.

E. L. Wise was in Morganfield Monday on business.

Ivan Springfield went to Madisonville Monday.

Mrs. Gilbert King, was in Madisonville Saturday afternoon.

Neal Spillman was in Madisonville Sunday.

Oto Foster was in Madisonville Sunday night.

Ivan Springfield was in Madisonville Sunday night.

J. W. Edwards was in Madisonville Sunday.

Mrs. W. C. Hurly, who has been visiting friends in Russellville, for several days has returned home.

Neal Spillman left Tuesday for St. Charles, to spend a few days.

Big Reduction in Edwin Clapp and Walk Over SHOES, Wednesday 25.

H. D. COWARD.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Barnett, were in Madisonville, Monday afternoon.

Raymond Lynn was in Madisonville Sunday afternoon.

Forest Notes.

Forbach, Germany is said to have the most profitable town forest known; it yields an annual net gain of \$12.14 an acre.

The State School of Forestry at Bottineau, North Dakota, announces that it will have one million trees for distribution to the citizens of the state during 1915.

Apple wood, used almost exclusively for saw handles, also furnishes the material for many so called briar-wood pipes and particularly for the large wood en type used in printing signs and posters.

One of the most expensive woods used regularly in an established industry in the United States is boxwood, the favorite material for wood engraving. It has been quoted at four cents a cubic inch, and about \$1.800 by the thousand board feet.

What is supposed to be record speed in getting men to a forest fire is reported from Oregon, where on one of the national forests, a ranger went to town, hired ten men, and got this force to the fire twelve miles away within 48 minutes after he was notified by telephone.

There's a Remedy

How many merchant who is their business gradually slipping away from them realize the underlying cause of this condition of affairs.

Of course there may be a number of reasons, but generally the principal one is that the people are losing interest because they never see the merchant's advertisement in print.

The business man who never advertises can hardly expect to successfully compete with the

MRS. MABEN WAS MADE WELL

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Wants Other Suffering Women To Know It.

Murfreesboro, Tenn.—"I have wanted to write to you for a long time to tell you what your wonderful remedies have done for me. I was a sufferer from female weakness and displacement and I would have such tired, worn out feelings, sick headaches and dizzy spells. Doctors did me no good so I tried the Lydia E. Pinkham Remedies—Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash. I am now well and strong and can do all my own work. I owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and want other suffering women to know about it."



Mrs. H. E. MABEN, 211 S. Spring, St., Murfreesboro, Tenn.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for nearly forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Why Lose Hope.
No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Strong Winter Necessities

Never in the history of this country has there been more necessities for Economical buying than now. With this idea in view. We have filled our store with merchandise of superb values. We have not allowed a single low standard of value to go into our stock at all. Every item represents full measure for the price we charge. And no better values can be had than this store offers. No matter under what conditions they are sold.

Take Our Underwear for 50, 75, \$1, \$2 on up to \$4 per garment and your money's worth is in every garment you buy.

Consider the Values in Black Cat Hosiery for Ladies and Children at 15, 25, 35, 50, on up to \$1.50 per pair.

Look Carefully Into our Shoe values for the whole family. Our shoes will be your Shoe satisfaction.

Guard your own interest by looking through our showings in Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats, Ladies' Misses and Children's cloaks, Ladies' coat suits, dress goods, trimmings and heavy dress goods

An enormous stock of Economy Merchandise at Economy Prices is at your service six days a week.

We are anxiously awaiting an opportunity to be of service to you.

The Barnes Store

Incorporated

Earlington, - Kentucky

DONT FREEZE!

BUY A NEW RANGE.
LIVE LONGER—ENJOY LIFE.

Just now you are interested in the SUBJECT of that new Range, you want for the Winter. And you will be more than interested—you will BUY—if you take a look at those we are selling every day.

HARD OAK HEATERS AS EVERY BODY KNOWS are the best made, give the greatest amount of heat and comfort, are easy to handle, require little care, and are VERY economical in the consumption of fuel. Keeps your fire 48 hours.

Don't forget our New Perfection Oil Heater—The very thing for a Bath Room and Dining Room. Ask to see our line.

W. H. WHITFORD

one who makes his advertising an important feature of his business.

Advertising of the right kind will always bring results, and the buying public reads the advertisements of a live paper as religiously as it does the news columns.

The readers of this paper want to know something of the wares the merchants of this town have for sale. If YOUR ad is missing they will probably turn to the OTHER fellow—the man who

GOES AFTER business, and GETS IT.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GIBBER'S TASTELESS CHERRY FLAVOR, drives out the poison and restores the system.



A Postal Brings This Book

It is free—it tells how you can have local and long distance telephone service in your home at very small cost.

Send for it today. Write nearest Bell Telephone Manager, or

FARMERS' LINE DEPARTMENT
Cumberland Telephone
and Telegraph Company
INCORPORATED.
MADISONVILLE, KY.



The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name
Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Brass Bowl," "The Black Bag," etc.
Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER XV.

The Masked Voice.

For a matter of twelve hours the fog, laden, dank, viscous, as inexpressible as the dominion of evil, had wrapped the world in an embrace as foul and noxious as the coils of some great, gray, slimy serpent.

Through its sluggish folds the ponderous, power-limpelled lifeboat crept at a snail's pace, its stem parting and rolling back from either flank a heavy-hearted sea of gray.

In the bows a young woman rested in a state of semi-exhaustion, her eyes closed, head pillowed on a cork-sheet life-preserver, her sodden garments modeled closely to the slender body that was ever and again shaken from head to foot with the strength of a loag, shuddering respiration.

Seated on the nearest thwart, Alan Law, chin in hand, watched over the feat of this woman whom he loved with a grimly hopeless solicitude. He was in no happier case than she, so far as physical comfort went—he was in worse, since he might not rest.

Premeditation of misfortune darkened his heart with its impenetrable shadow.

In the stern Tom Barcus presided morosely over the steering gear; and Law was no more jealously heedful of his sweetheart than Barcus of the heavy-duty motor that chugged away so purposefully at its business of driving the boat heaven-knew-where.

Lacking at once a compass, all notion whatsoever of the sun's bearings, and any immediate hope of the fog lifting or chance bringing them either to land or to rescue by some larger and less comfortable craft, Barcus steered mainly through force of habit—the salt-water man's instinctive feeling that no boat under way should ever in any conceivable circumstance be without a hand at the helm. It had seemed impossible that it could long escape repetition of the disaster, but somehow, it always did escape, and that by a wide margin; never once had it passed near enough to another vessel to see it.

And now for more than an hour the silence had been uncannily constant, broken only by the rumble of the motor, the muffled lisp of water slipping down the side, the suck and gurgle of the wake.

Forebodings no less portentous than Law's crawled in the mind of Barcus. It was as likely as not that the lifeboat was traveling straight out to sea. And gasoline tanks can and oftentimes do become as empty as an official weather prophet's promise of fair weather for a holiday.

More than this, Mr. Barcus was a confirmed skeptic in respect of marine motors; on terms of long and intimate experience with the ways of



Delivered Into the Hands of the Enemy.

the demon of perversity that tenants them one and all, he knew that the present sweet-tempered performance of the exhibit under consideration was no earnest whatsoever of future good behavior, that when such a complicated contraption was concerned there was never any telling.

In view of all of which considerations he presently threw open the battery switch.

And the aching void created in the silence by the cessation of that uniform drone was startling enough to rouse even Rose Trine from her state of semi-somnolence.

With a look of panic she sat up, thrust damp hair back from her eyes, and nervously inquired:

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Barcus told her. "I shut the engine off—that's all."

Tempers were short in that hour, and Alan was annoyed to think that the rest of his beloved should needlessly have been disturbed.

"What did you do that for?" he demanded sharply.

"Because I jolly well wanted to," Barcus returned in a tone as brusque. "Oh, you did—eh?"

"Yes, I did—eh! I happen to be

oussing this end of the boat and to have sense enough to realize there's no sense at all in our wasting fuel the way we are—cruising nowhere!"

"Well," Law contended, struck by the fairness of this argument, but unable to calm his uneasiness—"just the same, we might—"

"Yes; of course, we might," Barcus snapped. "We might a whole lot. We might, for instance, be heading for Spain, for all you or I know to the contrary. And in such case, I for one respectfully prefer to have gas enough to take us home again if ever this da—blessed fog lifts!"

And for several seconds longer the stillness strangled their spirits in its ruthless grasp.

Then of a sudden a cry shrilled through the fog, so near at hand that it seemed scarcely more distant than over the side:

"Ahoy! Help! Ahoy there! Help!"

So insistent, so urgent was its accent that, coupled with the surprise, it brought the three as to their feet, all a-tremble, their eyes seeking one another's faces, then shifting uneasily away.

"What can it be?" Rose whispered, agitated, shrinking into Alan's ready arm.

"A woman," Barcus put in harshly. "Judith," the girl moaned.

Alan shook himself together. "Impossible!" he contended. "I saw her go down—"

"That doesn't prove she didn't come up," Barcus commented acridly.

"Ahoy! Motorboat aho-o-y! Help!"

"And that," Barcus pursued sadly, "just proves she did come up—blame the luck! Alive she is, and kicking; stand clear. An able-bodied pair of lungs was back of that hail, my friend; and you needn't tell me I don't know the dulcet accents of that angelic contralto!"

Without heeding him, Alan cupped hands to mouth and sent an answering cry ringing through the murk:

"Ahoy! Where are you? Where away?"

"Here—on the reef—half-drowned—perishing with chill!"

"How does my voice bear?" Alan called back.

"What the dickens do you care?" Barcus interpolated suspiciously.

"To port," the response rang through the fog. "Starboard your helm and come in slowly!"

"Right-o! Half a minute!" Alan replied reassuringly.

"Like hell!" Mr. Barcus muttered in his throat as he jumped down into the engine pit and bent over the fly-wheel.

Leaping on the forward thwart and balancing himself perilously near the gunwale, Alan strained his vision vainly against the opacity of the fog.

"Can't make out anything," he grumbled, looking back. "Start her up—but slow's the word—and 'ware reef!"

"Nothing doing," Barcus retorted curtly. "The motto is now 'Full speed astern!' as you must know."

"O come! We can't leave a woman out there—in a fix like that!"

"Can't we? You watch!" Barcus grunted malevolently, rocking the heavy flywheel with all his might; for the motor had turned suddenly stubborn.

"Alan!" Rose pleaded, laying a hand upon his sleeve. "Think what it means! I know it sounds heartless of me—and it's my own sister. But you know how mad she is—wild with hatred and jealousy. If you take her into this boat, it's your life or hers!"

"If we leave her out there," Alan retorted, shaking his arm impatiently free, "it's her life on our heads!"

At this juncture the motor took charge of the argument, ending it in summary fashion. With a smart explosion in the cylinder, it started up unexpectedly, at one and the same time almost dislocating the arm of Mr. Barcus and precipitating Alan overboard.

It was not given him to know what was happening until he found himself in the water; he struggled to the surface just in time to see the bows of the lifeboat back away and vanish into the mist.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Island.

Not more than twenty seconds could have elapsed before Barcus recovered from the shock of the motor's treacherous sufficiency to reverse the wheel, throttle down the carburetor and jump out of the engine-pit.

But in that small space of time the lifeboat and Alan Law had parted company as definitely as though one of them had been levitated bodily to the far side of the earth.

It could not have been more than a minute after the accident before Barcus was guiding the boat over what, going on his sense of location and judgment of distance, he could have sworn was the precise spot where Alan had disappeared, but without discovering a sign of him.

And for the next twenty minutes he divided his attention between attempts to soothe and reassure the

half-distracted girl and efforts to elude a reply from Alan by stentorian hailing—with as little success in the one as in the other.

"Alan!" he shrieked at the top of his lungs. "Alan! Give a hail to tell us you're safe!"

There was a little pause; he was racking his brain for some more moving mode of appeal when the answer came in another voice—in the voice of Judith Trine, clear, musical, effervescent with sardonic humor:

"Be at peace, little one—bleat no more! Mr. Law is with us—and safe—oh, quite, quite safe!"

In dumb consternation Barcus sought the countenance of Rose. Her eyes, meeting his, were blank with despair. He shook his head helplessly and let his hands dangle idly between his knees.

With no way on her, the lifeboat drifted with a current of unknown set and strength.

"What can we do?" Rose implored.

"We must do something. We can't leave him . . . Oh, when I think of him there, in her hands, I could go mad!"

"If only I knew," Barcus protested; "but my hands are tied, my wits are as helpless as my eyes are blind."

There's nothing to go by—except the bare possibility that the reef she spoke of may be Norton's. It doesn't seem possible, but we may have made that much something. In that case we're about three miles off the mainland, somewhere in the neighborhood of Katama Island, a little, rocky, desolate bump of earth, inhabited mainly by fishermen."

The girl wrung her hands. "But how could Judith get there—and with her men—and ammunition?"

"Don't ask me. Going on my experience with the lady, I'd be willing to bet that she was picked up by the steamer that ran us down, and proceeded to make a prize of it—or try to. One thing's certain—she must have found or stolen a boat from somebody; they couldn't have made Norton's reef by swimming—it's too



Yanked Him Off to His Cell.

far. That's the answer; they were picked up, stole a boat, and piled it up on the reef."

"And there's no hope—!"

"Only of the fog relenting. If we could make the mainland and get help . . ."

His accents died away into a disconsolate silence that was unbroken for upwards of an hour.

So slowly the current bore the lifeboat toward the beach and so still the tide that Barcus never appreciated they were within touch of any land until the bows grounded with a slight jar and a grating sound.

With a cry of incredulity he leaped to his feet—"Land, by all that's lucky!"—and stooping, lent a hand to the girl, aiding her to rise.

Hardly had Rose had time to comprehend what had happened, when Barcus was over the side and wrestling with the bows, dragging the boat farther upon the shoals.

She was, however, more than one man could manage; and when her stem had bitten a little more deeply into the sands, Barcus gave over the attempt and, lifting Rose down, set her on dry land, then climbed back into the vessel, rummaged out her anchor and cable, and carried them ashore, planting the former well up towards the foot of the cliff.

And as he rose from this last labor he was half-blinded by the glare of the westerling sun as it broke through the fog.

In less than five minutes the miraculous commonplace was an accomplished fact; the wind had rolled the fog back like a scroll and sent it spinning far out to sea, while the shore on which the two had landed was deluged with sunlight, bright and beautifully warm.

He showed a thoughtful and considerate countenance to the girl.

"You're about all in?"

She nodded confirmation of this, which was no more than simple truth.

"Where are we?" she asked.

He made her party to his own perplexity.

"You're not able to travel," he pursued. "Do you mind being left alone while I take a turn up the beach and have a look round? We can't be far

from some sort of civilization; even if it's an island there are no desert jeles along this coast. I'll find something soon enough, no fear."

By tacit consent both avoided mention of Alan, but each knew what thought was uppermost in the other's mind.

"There's a niche among the rocks up here," Barcus indicated, "almost a cave. You'll be warm and dry enough, and secure from observation overhead. Maybe you can even snatch a few winks of sleep."

She negatived that suggestion with a weary smile; no sleep for her until sheer exhaustion overpowered her, or she knew of Alan's fate.

And so, reiterating his promise to be gone no longer than absolutely might be needful, he left her there.

CHAPTER XVII.

This Mortal Tide.

She was very certain she would never sleep before her anxiety was assuaged by word of Alan's fate; but she reckoned without her host of trials that had bred in her a fatigue anedynous even to her mental anguish.

For a time after Barcus had left her she lingered upon the sands, in the mouth of the shelter he had elected for her, staring hungrily out on the shimmering sea, now wholly divested of its shroud, smiled up to the heavens, whose sapphire face it mirrored, as fair and sweet of seeming as though it had never veiled a heartless tragedy.

Slowly it darkened as the sapphire above grew darker, blending insensibly into rare ultramarine with the slow decline of the sun, by whose altitude above the horizon the day had not more than ninety minutes to run.

And she thought drowsily that if that sun sank without her learning that her lover lived, it would not rise again upon a world tenanted by Rose Trine.

It was not true, she told herself, that people never die of broken hearts.

She knew that, were he taken from her, she could no longer live.

And sleep overwhelmed her suddenly, like a great, dark cloud.

But its dominion over her faculties was not of long duration. Slowly, heavily, mutinously, she was rescued from its nirvana—came to her senses with an effect of one who emerges from some vast place of blackness and terror, to find Barcus kneeling over and gingerly but persistently shaking her by the shoulder.

And then she sat up with a cry of mystified compassion; for in the brief time that he had been absent—it had not been more than an hour—Mr. Barcus had most unquestionably been severely used.

He had acquired a long cut over one eye, but shallow, upon which blood had dried, together with a bruised and swollen cheek that was badly scratched to boot. And what simple articles of clothing remained to him, after his strenuous experiences of the last forty-eight hours, had been reduced to even greater simplicity; his shirt, for example, now lacked a sleeve that had been altogether torn away at the shoulder.

"No!" he told her, as soon as he saw her wits were awake once more—"don't waste time pitying me. I'm all right—and so is Alan! That's the main thing for you to understand; he's still alive and sound—"

"But where is he? Take me to him!" she demanded, rising with a movement of such grace and vigor that it seemed hard to believe she had ever known an instant's weariness.

"That's the rub," Barcus confessed, squatting on the sands and knocking his hair. "I daresay take you to him. Judith might object. Besides, you can see for yourself it isn't safe to mingle with the inhabitants of this tight little island—and you can't get to where Alan is without mingling considerably. Sit down, and I'll tell you all about it, and we'll try to figure out what's best to be done. Maybe we can manage a rescue under cover of night."

And when the girl had settled herself beside him he launched into a detailed report.

"It's Katama Island, all right," he announced, "but a change has come over the place since I visited it some years ago. Then it was a community of simple-hearted villagers and fishermen; now, unless all signs fail, it's a den of smugglers. I noticed a number of Chinese about; and that, taken in connection with the fact that, when I ventured to introduce myself to the village ginmill and ask a few innocent questions, the entire population, to a child, landed on me like a thousand brick—the two circumstances made me think we'd stumbled on a settlement of earnest workers at the gentle art of helping poor Chinamen evade the exclusion laws."

With a wry smile, he pursued: "As for me, I landed out back of the joint, on the nape of my neck, and took the count, surrounded by a lot of unsympathetic boxes and barrels that had been better days. And when I came to and started to crawl unostentatiously away, I was just in time to witness the landing of your amiable sister, that gang of cutthroats she keeps on the payroll, and Alan in company with as choice a crew of scoundrels as you'd care to see. I gathered from a few words that leaked out of the back door of the barroom, that it was as I had thought—Judith had stolen a boat from the ship that picked her up, and rammed it on Norton's reef; and after she gathered Alan in the schooner of these smugglers happened along, and she haled it and struck a bargain with the captain and signed co-partnership

articles, or something like that. Anyway, her lot and the islanders were soon as thick as thieves, and lanking up so sociably that I actually got a chance to whisper a word to Alan and tell him you were all right, and that he'd find us both down here on the beach, if luck served him with an escape. That was all I got a chance to say, for Judith marched up just then and yanked him off to his cell. I mean to say, he's locked up now in a little stone hut on the edge of the cliff, with the door guarded and the window overlooking a sheer drop of thirty feet or so to the beach. When I'd seen that much I calculated it was about time for me to get quit of that neighborhood, before Mam'selle Judith nipped me with the evil eye."

"You don't think she saw you?" the girl cried.

"I don't think so," Barcus allowed gravely; and then, lifting his gaze, he added as he rose in a bound: "I just know she did—that's all."

In another instant he was battling might and main with three willing ruffians, who had come suddenly into view round a shoulder of rock; but his efforts were shortlived, foredoomed to failure. He was weakened with suffering and fatigue—and the three were fresh and had the courage at least of

their numbers. He was overborne in a twinkling, and had his face ground brutally into the sand while his hands were made fast with stout rope behind his back. And when he rose, it was to find, as he had anticipated, that Rose's resistance had been as futile as his own; she, too, was captive, her hands bound like his, the huge and unclean paw of one of Judith's crew cruelly clamped upon her shoulders.

They were granted time to exchange no more than one despairing glance when a curt laugh fairly chilled the blood in Mr. Barcus, and he swung sharply between his two guards to confront Judith Trine.

The woman he saw at first glance, was in one of her most dangerous moods—if, Barcus mentally qualified, there was a pin to choose between her moods. But now, beyond dispute, she exhibited a countenance new in his experience with her, and one well calculated to appall.

Her face was bloodless, even as her lips were white with the curb she put upon her passion. Her eyes were lurid with the glare of rage approaching mania. Her hands trembled, her lips quivered, all her actions were abrupt with nervousness.

He was by no means poor-spirited, but he shrank openly from the look she gave him, and was relieved when she, with a sneer, passed him by and planted herself squarely before her sister.

"Well?" she demanded brusquely. "How much longer do you think I'm going to tolerate your interference—your poor little fool! How many more lessons will you require before realizing that I mean to have my way, and that you'll cross me only to suffer for it?"

The courage of the other girl won the unstinted admiration of Mr. Barcus. Far from cringing, she seemed to find fresh heart in her sister's challenge. Her head was high, her glance level with illimitable contempt as she replied:

"So you've tried again?" she inquired obliquely, with a tone of pity. "You've offered him your love yet another time, have you?"

"Silence!" Judith cried in fury. "Only to learn once more that he would rather die than you?" Rose persisted, unflinching. "And so you come to take your spite out on me, do you? You pitiful thing! Do you think I mind—knowing as I do now that he could never hold you in anything but compassion and contempt?"

For an instant there was silence; by the scorn of her sister the heat of Judith's fury had been transformed into a cold and malignant rage. She controlled herself and her voice marvelously.

"You will see," she said in even and frigid accents. And the light of her mania leaped and leaped again in her eyes like a living flame. "I have prepared a way to make you understand what opposition to me means . . ."

She waved a hand toward the nearer point of rocks. "Take them along," she commanded.

The understanding between her and her men was apparently complete; for these last, without hesitation or further instructions, marched Rose, and Barcus down to the end of the spit and on, into the water.

It was nearly knee-deep before Barcus was halted with a savage jerk, backed up to a rock, forced despite his frenzied resistance to sit down in the water, and swiftly, with half a dozen

deft hitches of rope and a stanch knot, made fast in that position—submerged to his chest.

This accomplished, the men turned attention to Rose, lashing her in similar wise at Barcus' side.

Standing just above the water-line, with every sign of complete calm and sanity other than that ominous flickering in her eyes, Judith superintended the business till its conclusion, then waved the men away.

Quietly, like well-trained servants, they turned their backs and marched off.

And again, after a brief wait, the woman laughed her short and mirthless laugh.

"The tide will be high," she said, "precisely at sunset. You may time your lives by that. When the sun dips into the sea, then will your lives go down with it."

She turned on her heel and strode swiftly away, with not so much as a backward glance, overtook her men, and passed quickly from sight around

the farther point of rocks.

For some time Barcus struggled vainly with his bonds. As for Rose, she wasted no strength in struggling—perhaps had none to waste. When he looked her way he saw her exquisite profile unmarred by any line of fear or doubt, sharply relieved against the darkness of the rising flood. Her level gaze without a tremor traversed the shining flood to its far horizon.

He noted that already the waters had risen more than an inch.

Humbled even in his terror by that radiant calm that dwelt upon her, he ventured diffidently: "Rose—Miss Trine—"

She turned her head and found the heart to smile. "Rose," she corrected gently.

"I'm sorry," he said—which was not at all what he had meant to say. "I've done my best. I suppose it's wrong to give up—but they've made it too much for me, this time."

"I know," she said gently.

"You—he stammered—"you're not afraid?"

"There is nothing to fear," she said, "but death."

"Then," he said more bravely, after a time—the water now was near his chin—"good-by—good luck!"

"Not yet, dear friend," she returned, "not yet."

But the sun was perilously close upon the rim of the world. But a little time, and it would be night.

He closed his eyes to shut out the vision of its slow, implacable descent. The water was now almost level with his lips; it seemed strange that his throat could be so dry, so parched . . .

He opened his eyes, shuddering.

"It's good-by now," he faltered.

"Not yet!" her voice rang beside him, vibrant. "Look—up there—along the cliff!"

He lifted his gaze . . .

Two men were running along the cliff—and the man in the lead was Alan. But his lead was very scant, and the man who pursued was one of Judith's, and stuck to the trail like a blood-hound fresh from the leash.

And now the water was at his lips; Barcus could no more speak without strangling.

Of a sudden he groaned in his heart; though there was no passable way down the cliff, still the sight of his friend alive and unharmed had brought with it a thrill of hope; now that hope died as he saw Alan stumble and go to his knees.

Before he could rise the other was upon him, with the fury of a wolf seeking the throat of a stag.

For an instant they fought like madmen; then, in a trice, the eky line of the cliff was empty; one or the other had tripped and fallen over the brink, and falling had retained hold of his enemy and carried him down as well.

By no chance, Barcus told himself, could either escape uninjured.

Yet, to his amazement, he saw one man break from the other's embrace and rise. And he who lay still, a crumpled, inhuman heap upon the sands, was Judith's man.

With a violent effort Barcus lifted his mouth above water and shrieked: "Alan! Alan! Help! Here—at the end of the point—in the water—help!"

A precious minute was lost before Alan discovered that two heads, so barely above that swiftly rising flood.

Then he ran toward them as he had never run before, and as he came whipped out a jack-knife and freed his blade.

Even so—since it was, of course, Rose whom Alan freed the first—Barcus was half-drowned before Alan helped him in turn up to the beach.

And as this happened the last blood-red rim of the sun was washed under by the waves.

Two minutes later the lifeboat was afloat, and Mr. Barcus, already recovered, was laboring with the flywheel of the motor, stimulated to supreme exertion by the sight of a party, led by Judith, racing madly down the beach.

But it was not until well out from shore and on the way to the safety promised by the mainland—now readily discernible on the horizon—that any one of them found time for speech.

Then Mr. Barcus straightened up from his assiduous attentions to the motor, and observed:

"You bear a charmed life, my adventurous friend. I want to tell you that when I saw you go over that cliff I made up my mind your usefulness would be at least permanently impaired. As it is, I don't mind telling you that if ever I get out of this affair alive, I'm going to have a try at your life myself, just once, for luck!"

Continued

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